

Painted Nails and Ramune Sodas

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Painted Nails and Ramune Sodas

by [mxfictiondaydreamer](#)

Summary

Ryuko and Satsuki have an adorable sleepover for sisterly bonding. They get pizza, do their nails, and--OH GOD where are these feels coming from?!

Ryuko greeted her sister at her door. “Hey, nee-chan!” It was getting easier to call her that.

“Hello, my dear imouto,” said Satsuki. “Come on inside. Make yourself at home.” Ryuko nodded and entered Satsuki’s beautiful house.

“This looks a lot better than your apartment, and your apartment was pretty sweet!” She took off her shoes and put them on the rack next to the door. She looked up at her sister, who aside from being beautiful was also considerably less scary now and had traded her uniform for a comfortable pair of jeans and a pastel green silk blouse with cap sleeves.

“Yes, well, I still miss it sometimes, but this is nice.”

Ryuko looked around. The walls were painted a soft blue and hung with paintings of birds. The entryway they were in had a short table with a stringy houseplant on top. The shelf on the other wall had four wooden sculptures: a toad, a snake, a dog, and a monkey. She peeked around the corner and saw the most plush gray couch, similar to the one Satsuki had given the Elite Four for their lounge. Directly ahead of them was an elegant staircase twisting up around a corner. A stream of light came down from the skylight and made it look so inviting.

“Where should I put my stuff?” Ryuko asked, holding out her backpack.

“Wherever you like. I have some hooks over here,” said Satsuki, showing her the row of hooks by the door.

Ryuko reached up and hung her backpack.

“But seriously, imouto, make yourself at home. You could live here...if you want to. Fuck, I hope that wasn’t too soon.”

Ryuko smiled and shook her head. “Yeah, it’s fast, but uh...I like it. It’s nice to have family again.” Her smile faded and she turned away to wipe a tear on her sleeve.

“You don’t have to hide your tears from me, imouto,” said Satsuki, offering a hug. Ryuko accepted, burying her face in Satsuki’s chest and putting her sleeved hands on her back. Satsuki rocked her and gave her a kiss on the head. “You’re home now, imouto.”

“Yeah.”

Ryuko went to wipe her nose on her sleeve.

“No, don’t do that! Here, have a handkerchief.” Satsuki reached into her pocket and pulled out a clean handkerchief. Ryuko dried her tears and snot on it. “Um...where do I put this?”

“In the laundry. I’ll show you.” Satsuki led her up the staircase and through a hallway that was similarly lit. The bathroom had a circular window with a plant hanging in it, and on the marble countertop Satsuki had a pale purple orchid.

“In there...it’s the tall skinny bamboo bin.”

“Gotcha,” said Ryuko as she went into the unfamiliar bathroom and tossed the handkerchief into the bin. She checked herself in the mirror. Her eyes had some redness from crying, offset by the gray-blue of her gear eyes. She straightened her hair, which somehow managed to get mussed by everything. Her plain white shirt was askew, so she fixed it. She pulled up her pants and silently cursed herself for not getting a belt. She emerged to find Satsuki waiting wordlessly in the hallway. Her eyebrows were close together but the rest of her face was blank and her eyes were wide open, staring at nothing. Ryuko had never seen her look so vulnerable, or confused.

Satsuki looked back and forth between Ryuko and a room down the hall. She pointed, then put her finger down, and put it up again. Ryuko smiled and wiped the last tear from her face. She found her sister endearing.

“Would you like to join me down the hall?” Satsuki said finally.

“Uh-huh.”

Satsuki led Ryuko to a big bedroom painted in lavender and gray hues. She had two sets of curtains; the dark brown blackout curtains were pulled back and the thin white ones let in some light. Her bed was definitely big enough to share with another person but the side was pushed up against the wall. The heavy-looking gray comforter made Ryuko want to go to sleep, and she wasn’t even tired. The only other furniture was a set of floor cushions by the window and a desk on the other end.

“Well, this is it,” said Satsuki.

Ryuko nodded and bounced on the bed.

“So, what do you want to do?”

“I dunno, sleepover stuff...”

“What activities do you do at sleepovers?”

“Oh my God, Satsuki! You’ve never had a sleepover before?”

Satsuki stood there quietly and chewed her lip.

Ryuko got up on all fours and bounced on the bed. “It’s basically the most fun ever! We could watch a movie, do our nails, do each other’s hair, listen to music, order pizza...whatever we want, basically!”

“Whatever we want. Hmm. Your ideas sound nice,” said Satsuki, her mouth curling into an affectionate smile at the sight of her sister bouncing on the bed.

“Okay! You wanna do nails first? I bet you’re good at doing nails!”

“I’ll bring out the nail polish I have,” said Satsuki simply. She reached up into her closet and pulled down a big box.

“Dang sis, that’s like, a million nail polishes in there,” said Ryuko.

“Indeed,” said Satsuki.

Ryuko started digging through them, admiring some of them for their color and sheen. “I really like this one. It’s got purple sparkles in it. Mako would like it.”

Satsuki smiled and picked through the bottles until she found the light pink, labeled “cherry blossom.”

“Ah, I’ve found mine!” Ryuko declared victoriously, her gear eyes fixed on a tiny black bottle labeled “I’ll wear black until they invent a darker color.”

Satsuki laughed quietly. Ryuko was a little punk.

“So, uh, where do you wanna do this? It’d be a shame to get it on your hardwood floor.”

“Oh, I have a tarp in there.”

“Ah.” Ryuko found a folded up black plastic tarp. It smelled like a heavy duty trash bag. It was probably made from a heavy duty trash bag. She spread it across the floor and smoothed it.

“Okay, let’s do you first!”

Satsuki coughed.

“Alright,” she said and offered her left hand. Ryuko took it happily and set it in her lap. She grabbed the nail polish from beside Satsuki’s legs.

Ryuko took the bottle by its cap, shook it, put it on the tarp, unscrewed it, and scraped the excess pink nail polish off the brush. The pungent chemical smell of nail polish began to fill the room. She took Satsuki’s hand in hers and started with her thumb. A big streak of polish down the middle, followed by two brushstrokes on either side. She dipped the brush in and scraped the excess back into the bottle. She painted each nail the same way, and with confidence. She hoped to impress Satsuki with her nail painting skills, which she had been practicing with Mako for months. She looked up at Satsuki’s face. She looked pleasantly relaxed.

Ryuko finished up with Satsuki’s pinky and gestured for her right hand. Satsuki placed her right hand on Ryuko’s lap. Again, Ryuko worked first on her thumb and painted each nail exactly the same way, paying attention to each one as she went along.

“Satsuki, your hands are really nice,” said Ryuko.

“Thank you,” said Satsuki.

Ryuko grinned and leaned back, staring at her handiwork.

Satsuki lifted her hands and shook them to get them to dry.

“You wanna do feet next?” Ryuko offered.

“Oh, sure. That would be nice. We could make them all match,” said Satsuki.

Ryuko got up on her knees and leaned forward over Satsuki’s feet. She dipped the brush back in with a clink and started on Satsuki’s toes. She started with the big toe of Satsuki’s left foot and painted all her smaller toenails in succession. She dipped the brush back in and wiggled it out. Satsuki’s right foot was next: first the big toe and then all the smaller toes. Ryuko tried to slow herself down but she still worked pretty fast. With all her practice, she had been able to paint Satsuki’s entire toenails without getting any polish on her skin or anywhere else. She was so proud.

Ryuko sat back, her legs splayed as wide as they could go and her weight resting on her arms behind her. She felt like she was finally able to relax.

“So, you want this black on your nails?”

“Ah, just my toes. I don’t like the feeling of nail polish on my fingers.”

“Toes...right.”

“You okay, nee-chan?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.”

Ryuko pulled her feet close to her body one at a time and tugged her white socks off. They remained on the floor without a second thought. Ryuko was too busy positioning her feet in front of her so Satsuki could paint her toenails. She wiggled them triumphantly.

Satsuki pressed her lips together at the corner of her mouth. She stared. Her eyebrows furrowed a little.

“You nervous? I don’t mind if you mess up. This is mostly just bonding time with my sister,” Ryuko assured her.

Satsuki exhaled, and some of the tension dropped from her face.

“So, the black?” She reached out her hand. Ryuko handed over the bottle of black nail polish.

She watched as Satsuki knelt gracefully in front of her and leaned over to paint her toenails. She worked slowly, dipping and re-dipping the brush, wiping off excess and dipping it in again, and going over Ryuko’s toenails with such care. Ryuko noticed that Satsuki worked the same way, only slower. First a streak down the middle of the nail, followed by the sides. Satsuki started with each of Ryuko’s big toes, then worked her way out, alternating feet, paying utmost attention to each of Ryuko’s nails. Ryuko basked in the attention.

Ryuko liked the refreshing coolness of the polish, the little moments of contact when Satsuki’s fingers brushed against her feet, the comforting sound of her sister’s breathing...

When she was finished, Satsuki struggled to get up. She was breathing pretty heavily.

“Those fumes getting to ya?”

“Yeah...I’m going to open the window,” said Satsuki. She made her way to the window and attempted to open it with the heel of her hand and her elbow. “Fuck,” she swore under her breath. Ryuko bit her lip and managed not to laugh at her sister struggling.

Satsuki finally got it open and stood in the breeze. It was cool and quiet and carried humidity that suggested it would rain later. Satsuki looked back at Ryuko with a smile. “Ah yes, I feel much better now.” Ryuko gave her a thumbs-up.

Satsuki smiled and sat back down with Ryuko. “How hungry are you? Do you want to order that pizza now?”

Ryuko was about to answer, but her stomach growled.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Satsuki said with a giggle. She very carefully picked up her iPhone and swiped around to the pizza delivery app.

“What would you like on your pizza, my dear imouto?”

“Oh man...I could go for something substantial...mushrooms and sausage. Yeah,” said Ryuko.

“I’m having the vegetarian,” said Satsuki, “Minus the olives.”

“I fucking hate olives!” Ryuko cheered. “You hate them too! How cool is that!”

“Personal tastes are largely genetic,” said Satsuki as she poked around on her screen. “Would you like anything else?”

“Yeah, get some Ramune!”

“Absolutely,” said Satsuki with a grin.

She gave her phone a final tap and set it down to focus on her sister.

“So, what have you been up to for the past 17 years?” Satsuki asked with a raised eyebrow and a smirk.

Ryuko snorted. “Oh, everything. Dad basically dropped me off at boarding schools and ran off to work on his science projects. We never got along, really. He was a shit dad, but he loved me in his own way...” Ryuko rocked her feet side to side. “I got in a lot of trouble. I joined a gang; I stole shit for fun, got in a lot of fights. I never had any close friends before I met Mako,” Ryuko recounted with a shrug.

“That sounds awfully lonely,” said Satsuki. “How about academics? What did you enjoy doing at school?”

“I dunno, I flunked a lot of classes. I’m good at math and art though. Love that shit. I did some projects that I’m really proud of, but they got burned in the house.” Ryuko shrugged at

Satsuki, whose relaxed face showed Ryuko undivided attention, and not the least bit of judgment.

“And then I came to Honnouji Academy, and then you were a dick to me, and then we saved the world.” She finished with a wide arm gesture.

Satsuki pursed her lips together and nodded.

“So, how ‘bout you? You basically spent your whole life building Honnouji Academy, huh?”

“Yes, it was my crowning achievement. I spent years planning and building the Academy, gathering my team of Elites, working with them and Soro and Iori... It was an honor to work with them. I miss all of them dearly.”

“But your life wasn’t all school, right?”

“I had very little spare time. I spent most of it with my friends in their lounge, doing Sudoku puzzles and talking about whatever.”

Ryuko smiled at the thought of downtime at the Elite Four lounge.

“I also took up dancing lessons with my fellow students. I technically audited, since I wasn’t always able to attend. I very much enjoyed those classes. I think the other students did as well. They always straightened themselves up when I entered the room. I found it amusing. I wanted to tell them they had nothing to fear, but of course I had to keep up appearances...” She reached out in front of her and pretended to hold her sword. That only lasted a few seconds before both Satsuki and Ryuko were giggling.

“If only they could see you now!” Ryuko teased, mimicking her sister struggling with the window.

Satsuki snorted and rolled her eyes. “Oh God, if they saw me right now.”

“Hey, you’re doing well where it counts. You got into a good college, you got a house, you have friends, you have me, *and* you’re really pretty.”

Satsuki blushed. “True.”

“And plus, you have a plan. I think a lot of people our age, don’t have a plan. You got this.”

The doorbell chimed.

“Pizza! I’ll race you to the door!”

“Absolutely not. I won’t have you slipping and falling down the stairs on your first visit to this house.”

“Aww, you’re no fun.”

“Save the insults for when I kick your ass at Mario-Kart.”

Ryuko paused. “What makes you so certain you’ll win?” She called out at her sister, who was on her way out the bedroom door.

“I always win,” said Satsuki with a shrug and a smirk.

Ryuko pulled out her phone and texted Mako. “OMG my sister is so vain.”

She flopped down on the bed and stared at the pale gray ceiling. Satsuki had a lot to be vain about: she was attending a prestigious college, her academics were rock solid, she had a great group of friends, she had built a goddam high school that also functioned as her army, and she was so beautiful...her face, her hair, her body, everything about her...

Ryuko shook her head to clear that thought.

Her phone whistled. It was the ringtone that Nonon despised and Ryuko had kept it to spite her.

“I swear to God, if you don’t get rid of that horrid Android whistling noise, I’m gonna step on your phone and smash it to a million pieces!” Nonon had threatened.

Ryuko of course had responded by making fun of her size. “What, like you have enough weight to crush it?”

That fight had ended with Ryuko holding her phone above Nonon’s head, something she did often with all sorts of household objects. Nonon had punched her in the gut. Satsuki had put an end to the fight with a stern “That’s enough.”

Ryuko reached for her phone and saw a text from Mako. “Yeah lol you should have seen her before she was WAY WORSE :)”

She smiled. It was nice to have someone to talk to.

“Pizzaaa!” Satsuki called from the stairs.

Ryuko spun around on her butt to face Satsuki. She was carrying a large pizza box that radiated a heavenly smell. It took all of Ryuko’s willpower not to rip that box from her sister and devour the entire pizza. In her other hand, she had the two Ramune bottles, all pale blue and frosty. Ryuko wiped the drool from her mouth with her sleeve.

Satsuki sat down gracefully on the cushion by the open window. Ryuko crawled over on her hands and feet like a spider and sat down next to her. Satsuki opened the pizza box. “Here’s your pizza, nerd,” Satsuki said with a smirk.

“Who are you calling nerd, nerd?” Ryuko shot back.

“My big nerd sister,” Satsuki answered. She gave Ryuko a little kiss on the top of her head. Ryuko felt a wave of heat from the top of her head down to her ears and across her cheeks. She pushed her hair behind her ears to let them cool down.

Ryuko reached for a slice of pizza.

“We should let it cool down for a few moments,” said Satsuki.

“Psh, I’ve eaten much hotter things.”

Satsuki raised an eyebrow.

“Mystery croquettes, for example. Fresh outta the pot. I got this.”

Satsuki reached for her soda and started opening it.

Ryuko lifted a long piece of pizza to her already wide-open mouth. “Ppt! Ow!”

“Hmm,” said Satsuki.

“Shut up!”

“I didn’t say anything, Ryuko.”

“You were thinking it!”

“Well then, ‘shut up’ doesn’t really apply, does it?” Satsuki replied with the most pretentious smirk. “Here is your Ramune. I would enjoy opening them together.”

“We shoulda got breadsticks,” Ryuko muttered.

“What good are those? Aren’t they just sticks of bread?”

“Yeah, but like, buttery sticks of bread! And they’re all fresh! Plus they don’t stay hot like that pizza.”

“Next time, perhaps,” said Satsuki, handing the Ramune over to her sister.

Ryuko opened hers quickly, ready to push the marble down. She waited for a signal from Satsuki.

“Ready...set...go!”

The two sisters pushed their marbles into their drinks. The bubbles fizzed and the marbles rolled around in their glass prisons. They clinked their bottles together and drank the sweet bubbly soda.

“So, do you wanna watch a movie or something?”

“Yes, that would be nice.” Satsuki got up briefly to retrieve her laptop. She opened it in front of them. “So, what kinds of films do you like, imouto?”

“Action, comedy, sci fi if it’s done right. Um...I’m up for anything.”

“Well, I don’t usually watch movies, so I’ll let you pick one.”

“Okay, um, how do you feel about The Dark Knight?”

“I haven’t seen it,” said Satsuki into her soda.

Ryuko sputtered. “You’ve never seen The Dark Knight? How?”

“I was always too busy; I never got around to it.”

“We’ll have to watch it! Oh, actually this is pretty dark, yeah. How about something lighter? Breakfast Club!”

“I’ve heard of that movie. It seems like a good bet.”

Ryuko clicked on it and paused it for a few moments to let it buffer. To her pleasant surprise, it loaded quickly. Then again, she remembered, Satsuki’s rich and could afford the best wifi available.

The two sisters enjoyed their movie and pizza. Satsuki ate it normally and Ryuko devoured it like an animal, not caring where the grease or toppings went on the way to her mouth. They drank from their sodas in unison. Ryuko started up the movie and the sisters grinned at the cheesy opening.

Satsuki laughed at the principal being a jerk. Maybe he reminded her of her past.

After a while, Satsuki gave her commentary. “No wonder these people are in detention. They’re absolute rebels.” She flashed a grin at Ryuko and brushed the red streak in her hair with her fingers. Ryuko smiled back at her.

Over the course of the movie, Ryuko shifted around to get comfortable and ended up leaning in Satsuki’s direction. She stared at Satsuki’s face to get a gauge on how she’d react if she leaned on Satsuki. Satsuki looked relaxed enough; she might as well try. She gingerly placed her head on her shoulder and let her upper arm rest on Satsuki’s side. She looked up for a reaction and to her delight she only saw a soft smile on Satsuki’s face with her eyes still glued to the screen.

Always one to take risks, Ryuko placed a hand on Satsuki’s arm and danced her fingers across her skin.

Satsuki quickly turned her head. Her face was blank, but not angry. Ryuko looked from Satsuki’s blank face to her hand and back and withdrew it bashfully.

“You were fine,” Satsuki said with the corner of her mouth lifting up into a smile.

With Satsuki’s blessing, Ryuko kept going, dancing her fingers up and down Satsuki’s arm. When she touched the back of Satsuki’s upper arm, she got goosebumps. Satsuki shook at the sensation. Ryuko laughed a little, then snuggled into Satsuki’s side. The older girl pulled her

arm behind them and put it around Ryuko, drawing her in for a proper snuggle. Ryuko blushed a little at the contact.

They were doing fine until the characters talked about their parents and how they don't get along. Ryuko sighed with sadness and looked over at Satsuki, whose face was blank and facing a little away from Ryuko and the screen.

"Oh Satsuki, I'm sorry. I forgot about this part. You want me to pause it?"

"Yeah."

Ryuko hit her fingers on the space bar a little bit too loudly and focused her full attention on her sister. She had the quietest crying Ryuko had ever witnessed; her eyebrows pressed together and tears ran down her face but she made almost no sound whatsoever.

"Oh, sis...you want a hug?"

Satsuki nodded.

Ryuko hugged her as best she could, given that they were both sitting down and the pizza was right next to them.

"I'm sorry," Satsuki breathed. "I didn't think this would happen. I'm just, so easily triggered by everything these days."

"Don't be sorry, Satsuki. It's okay to cry," Ryuko assured her, rubbing her back soothingly as she cried.

Satsuki hugged Ryuko back and finally cried out loud. Ryuko kept stroking her back and hair.

"You're safe now, Satsuki."

"Yeah..."

They sat like that for a while, Satsuki crying and Ryuko holding her and letting her cry.

Ryuko buried her face in her sister's hair. It smelled like raspberry and ylang ylang, probably some fancy shampoo.

"All of your feelings are okay, Satsuki. Trust me."

Satsuki looked up at her with red-streaked eyes. "Really?" Her face carried a worry that slowly melted away.

Ryuko nodded. "All of them. No matter how sad or angry or anything you feel at all, I'm here for you."

"Thank you. I...That means a lot to me. Can you hand me a handkerchief? I have one in my nightstand."

Ryuko reached up to Satsuki's nightstand, opened the drawer with one hand, and produced a handkerchief similar to the one she had used earlier.

Satsuki grabbed it in her shaky hand. She wiped her tears, then her nose, and dropped the handkerchief to the floor away from Ryuko.

She cuddled closer to Ryuko, touching together their legs, their sides, Satsuki's head still under Ryuko's chin. Ryuko held out her hand and Satsuki took it, gently lacing their fingers together and giving her a squeeze.

"You mean everything to me, Ryuko. I love you so much," she whispered.

Ryuko held Satsuki close. "I love you too, Satsuki."

Ryuko noticed an extra warmth in both her skin and Satsuki's. She was sure Satsuki noticed it too, by the way she shifted and turned her head to the window.

A gentle rain started outside. It fell on the trees and the ground outside, releasing a fresh smell into the cool humid air. The sisters rocked each other and listened to the rain on the roof.

"My whole life, I've wanted this," Satsuki's voice broke. "They always told me I had a baby sister, and that you were gone, and now you're here with me."

"I've always wanted a home and a family who cared about me," said Ryuko, "I guess we both got what we wanted, huh?"

"Yeah," said Satsuki, nuzzling into Ryuko's neck.

A few moments later, Satsuki's eyes were starting to close. "I'm tired," she muttered. She sat up and stretched. Ryuko followed suit. They looked at each other and smiled for the first time in a while.

"Me too," said Ryuko, "I could go to bed right fucking now."

"As could I," said Satsuki with a smirk.

"I suppose I'll have to kick your ass at Mario Kart tomorrow," teased Satsuki.

"Pft, we'll see about that," Ryuko countered.

"So," Satsuki continued with a yawn, "Where would you like to sleep? I have a pull-out bed in here, a guest bedroom down the hall, a couch if you prefer that..."

"What about...um...can I sleep with you?" Ryuko struggled to get the words out.

"Um, yeah," said Satsuki. "That would be nice."

Satsuki blushed a little and Ryuko felt her own face getting warm. She ignored it as best she could.

“My stuff...I’m gonna go get my stuff,” said Ryuko.

Satsuki nodded and slowly got up, heading towards the bathroom.

Ryuko started to run out of the room.

“Imouto,” her sister’s voice stopped her in her tracks. “What did I tell you about running down the stairs?”

“Absolutely not!” Ryuko imitated her perfectly.

Satsuki raised an eyebrow. “Right, then.”

Ryuko walked downstairs at a standard pace. She got to the entryway on the ground floor, found her backpack and grabbed it. She walked back upstairs and greeted her sister in the glow of the bathroom. Satsuki was already in her fancy silk pajamas, which matched the orchid in her bathroom, and had started brushing her teeth. She pointed to the tube of toothpaste on the counter. Ryuko pulled her own toothbrush out of her backpack and brushed her teeth with Satsuki. It felt so homey, brushing her teeth with her sister.

When they were done, they headed back to Satsuki’s bedroom to sleep together. Ryuko tried to ignore the pounding of her heart.

She reached into her backpack and pulled out her pajamas: boxers and a comfy cotton t-shirt.

“Um, so, I don’t care if you don’t,” she said awkwardly.

Satsuki shrugged. “I’ve already seen you in Senketsu.”

Ryuko nodded and quickly took off her clothes: first her shirt, then her bra, and then her pants. She dropped them on the floor, then realized she wasn’t at her house, and stuffed them in her backpack as a courtesy. She blushed as she put on her pajamas hastily.

Satsuki was standing on the side of the bed, looking uneasy with her eyes fixed on a bird picture across the room. Her steel eyes avoided Ryuko’s, her eyebrows were up, and her mouth was closed tightly into a frown.

“Satsuki, are you okay?” Ryuko’s voice seemed to jerk her awake.

“Yes, I’m...fine. I must be very tired. Things aren’t making sense right now. I need sleep.”

“Yeah, me too,” said Ryuko. Oh goodness, was Satsuki thinking the same thoughts Ryuko had been trying to push out of her head? Satsuki had responded positively to every touch Ryuko offered that evening. What would she say to the idea of a kiss? Ryuko’s heart pounded desperately at the thought.

“I like to sleep on this side, so if you don’t mind, I would like you to take the side with the wall.”

“It’s all the same to me!” Ryuko said with a shrug. She put both hands and one knee on the bed, climbed up, and crawled to the other side before slipping under the covers and gathering the blankets around her like a burrito.

Satsuki climbed in after her, slowly and gracefully.

Ryuko looked at her and scooted closer. She extended her hand. Satsuki took it in hers and rubbed Ryuko’s knuckles with her thumb. Ryuko wasn’t used to such gentleness from anyone, and it made her feel warm and loved. She looked up at Satsuki, whose gaze was fixed on their hands.

“Umm, Satsuki? This might be kinda weird, so I’m sorry if it is, but I gotta ask…”

“Yes, Ryuko?”

“Nevermind, actually, it’s really weird. Ugh.”

“Whatever it is, I’m sure I can handle it, Ryuko.”

“It’s just…um… Can I kiss you?”

Satsuki’s eyes widened in genuine surprise, but aside from that her face was relaxed and completely still; there was not a hint of upset or anger.

Ryuko was silently panicking. She immediately wished she could go back in time and unsay it.

Satsuki’s hand squeezed hers but she didn’t dare look her in the eye.

To her surprise, Satsuki said, “Yes.”

Ryuko smiled excitedly, shifted forward, put her hand on Satsuki’s shoulder and up into her hair, and watched as Satsuki did the same.

Ryuko no longer wanted to ignore the pounding of her heart, which had gotten louder, and she didn’t pretend it wasn’t about her sister, either. Her sister, who had said yes.

Their breathing had gotten shallow and heavy in anticipation. Ryuko moved her face forward and her lips tingled with pleasure upon contact with the softest, smoothest pair of lips she had ever felt, and all the better that they were Satsuki’s. They kissed tenderly, slowly, covering each other’s lips in soft gentle kisses. Ryuko made sure to kiss every part of Satsuki’s lips. Every kiss was delicious and she wanted to show Satsuki just how much she cared for her. Satsuki responded with kisses that were just as sweet. Ryuko melted.

Satsuki and Ryuko pulled away, and grinned at each other. Ryuko pulled herself up to the head of the bed and held her arm out to invite Satsuki to cuddle under it. Satsuki turned over and scooted backwards into Ryuko’s embrace.

“Goodnight, nee-chan.”

“Goodnight, imouto.”

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